DC

268

LOONEY TUNES

FRIDOLFS
POPE
McRAE
LAWSON

LOONEY TUNES™

SHEESH! HOW CAN I TELL THE TIME IF ALL I'M GETTING ARE TWEETS?!

DEREK FRIDOLFS

AGES 8+
DCCOMICS.COM

Succotash City

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DUCK TWACY

I've had many clients over the years. But this one was different.

Of all the doors in all the offices in all the buildings, she had to walk into mine.

WHAM

I forgot I had locked the door.

I knew once I saw her this dame was going to be trouble. She was nothing like she appeared. Clumsy.

MY SWEET TWEETY BIRD HAS GONE MISSING. CAN YOU FIND HIM FOR ME?

Unless she was here to bring me cookies, I wasn't sure if it was worth my time.

IF I TAKE THIS CASE, I DON'T WORK CHEAP. CRIME DOESN'T PAY. BUT YOU CAN, ESPECIALLY IF YA GOT ANY CLAMS IN THAT PURSE OF YOURS!

OH, HEAVENS NO. I'M ALLERGIC TO SEAFOOD. THIS IS ALL I HAVE. I DO HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.

1¢

It was more than I make in a month. But I kept my cool.

WOOT WOOT WOOHOOOO!

YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL, LADY!

WAIT, DEARIE. DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT YOUR JACKET. IT MIGHT RAIN.

THAT'S JUST SILLY! CHECK THIS OUT. LIKE WATER OFF A DUCK'S BACK.

BESIDES, THERE'S NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY. IT'S A CLEAR NIGHT.

SPLOOSH!

Correction. It was a dark and stormy night.

SQUIRT

NOW WAIT HERE WHILE I GO SOLVE THIS CASE, TOOT SWEET!

AH, THE DINNER BELL. TIME TO EAT ALREADY?

CALLING DUCK TWACY! COME IN TWACY!

WEPORT TO THE STATION IMMEDIATEWY!

BUZZZT

YOO-HOO, TAXI!

SKREECH

W-W-W-WHERE TO, SIR?

THE POLICE STATION, PRONTO!

THE J-J-JAIL IS CLOSER.

I'M NOT A BAD GUY!

WHAT IS IT, CHIEF? I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD!

CWIME! LOTS OF IT! WELL...GET OUT THERE AND STOP IT!

SORRY, CHIEF. I'M ALREADY ON A CASE!

WANTED

This bird didn't just fly. It was taken. There's a lot of suspects to consider. Unless...

WANTED

THROUGH PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, THE BIRDNAPPER CAN ONLY BE THE NOTORIOUS PUSSYCAT *PUSSYCAT PUSS!*

Nothing a little de-tec-a-tive work can't solve, if you know where to look.

The streets were empty that night, except for the trash. And someone needed to clean up this mess.

Unfortunately, my broom was at the shop for repairs. Honest!

WHOA NELLY!

Whole lot of ***gum*** out here. It's a good thing I don't wear any ***shoes.***

It's just what I suspected. Kitty litter.

If I follow this trail, it should take me right to him.

Unfortunately, the trail has gone cold. And so have my hands.

GOULD

I should've brought mittens.

WHERE ARE YOU, TWACY?! WEPORT, YOU WASCAL!

BUZZZT

I'VE LOST THE SUSPECT, CHIEF. UNLESS HE'S HIDING IN THAT SUSPICIOUS DARK ALLEY OVER THERE.

Being a de-tec-a-tive can be dirty work. Especially before trash day. Yuck!

Sometimes the only way to stop crime is to shine a light on it.

TRYING TO BLIND ME, ARE YA? THAT'S DESPICABLE!

And a great de-tec-a-tive must be ready for anything.

THE ONLY CRIME HERE IS I'M ALL OUT OF BAT REPELLENT. SHOO FLY! SHOO!

MAYBE THIS MAP CAN TAKE ME TO HIM.

TAKE A RIGHT TURN ON WRONG STREET. OR IS IT A WRONG TURN ON RIGHT STREET?

OH FIDDLESTICKS! IT CAN'T HURT TO ASK FOR DIRECTIONS.

KLICK

WHOOSH

THUD

ACTUALLY, IT CAN HURT... A LOT!

Sometimes two rights do make a wrong turn.

YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST! UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHERE PUSSYCAT PUSS IS.

ANY TAKERS?

GULP

SUFFERING SUCCOTASH! THANKS A LOT, YOU RATS.

AND THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR YOU IN THE BACK.

HE'S GOT IT ALL WRONG, BERTIE. WE'RE MICE.

YEAH, YEAH! SURE, SURE, HUBIE!

I have him right where I want him. Behind bars. Except he's on the other side.

WHATSA MATTER... CAT GOT YER TONGUE? ANY LAST WORDS, DUCK?

IF I'M IN HERE, THEN WHO'S OUT THERE?

TWANG

US BIRDS OF A FEATHER GOT TO STICK TOGETHER, MR. TWACY.

THANKS. AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, PUSSYCAT PUSS!

NO PRISON CAN HOLD ME. YOU'LL SEE!

OH, YOU NOT GOING TO JAIL, PUDDY TAT. I'M SENDING YOU TO THE POUND.

WAIT, I'LL GO TO JAIL! I SWEAR!

POOR OL' PUDDY TAT. SWEARING IS BAD.

She was happy to get her bird back. Unlike that misplaced statue for my other client.

MACGUFFIN!

All in a day's work for--

DUM TACKY

HEY! WHO MISSPELLED MY NAME?!

The culprit is obviously a bad speller. The wurst of crimes. This could take all night.

BECAUSE IN THIS CITY, CRIME NEVER RESTS!

AND NEITHER CAN WE!

DUCKTIONARY

IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!

AND WE'RE TRYING TO SLEEP!

SO SHADDAP!

SPLOOSH!

CALLING DUCK TWACY! WHAT'S YOUR SITUATION?

BLERT

WET, CHIEF. I'M ALL WET.

That's all Folks!

HERE I AM AT LAST!

FISHERMAN'S WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, AND ALL DA SCROD I CAN EAT!

HEY! WHERE AT'S DA WATER??

HONK! HONK!

WB1912

THE GRATE ESCAPE

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I KNEW I SHOULDA TAKEN DAT LEFT TOIN AT ALCATRAZ!

ANY *PORTHOLE* IN A *STORM!*

SHEESH! DAT'S DA LAST TIME I TAKE DIRECTIONS FROM A *GOOFY GOPHER!*

QUIT MAKIN' "SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH" ON THE FLOOR, MUGSY!

OKAY, BOSS!

HEY! I AIN'T MAKIN' "SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH" ON THE FLOOR!

THEN WHO *IS?*

OW! IS DIS *WHOLE CITY* MADE OF *ROCK?*

HIM IS, BOSS!

OKAY, YA LUG, WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU?

MY FRIENDS CALL ME "*BUGSY*"!

BOSS! IT'S BUGSY BEAGLE!
HE COME TO SPRING US!
I AM?
I HAVE?!
YA DON'T MUCH RESEMBLE THE BUGSY BEAGLE I KNOW!
EHH...DAT'S BECAUSE I'M BUGSY BUNNY, HIS COUSIN TWICE REMOVED AND FOUR TIMES PUT BACK IN!
NEVER LOOK A GIFT RABBIT IN THE PUSS, SAYS I.
LET'S LAM OUTTA HERE, MUGSY. BUGSY GETS TA STAY HERE AND COVER FOR US!
RIGHT, BOSS!
HEY!
YOU FELLAS ARE GONNA MISS DINNER! I HEAR DEY'RE HAVIN' CREAMED CHIPPED CREAM ON CREAMED TOAST!
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GONNA ENCOUNTER A TOUGH CLOG! LUCKY T'ING I ALWAYS CARRY MY "PRISONER'S HELPER"!
PLOOMPH!
PLOOMPH!
ALL BAD T'INGS MUST PASS!
FLUSH!

I BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON DOSE TWO!

I GOT A HUNCH DEY *WEREN'T* SUPPOSED TO *LEAVE* YET!

ONE SIDE! OUTTA MY WAY! COMIN' T'ROO!

I THOUGHT WE LEFT YA BACK IN DA *CELL!*

EEH, I THOUGHT I'D SKIP THE CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF AND SHOW YOU A *SHORTCUT!*

EVER HEARD OF "*DELIGHT* AT DE END OF DA TUNNEL"?

HONK!

HEY, MOVE IT! WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF *PEDESTRIANS* OR SOMET'IN'?

BEEP!

CANNERY

I NEED MORE PRACTICE DRIVING! I *MISSED* 'EM!

WHOOSH!

SLAM!

SO...WE MEET *AGAIN*, BOYS!

YIKES! IT'S...

...THE BIG CHEESE!

DA CHEESE STANDS *ALONE*, EH, BOYS?

SO, ROCKY, *YOU* MUST HAVE *ROCKS* IN YOUR HEAD ESCAPIN' FROM *"DA ROCK"*!

HEY, BOSS, *I* DON'T SEE NO ROCKS IN THERE!

QUIET, MUGSY!

BUT BOSS, *HE* SAID...

I SAID, SHUT YOUR TRAP!

YOU HOID HIM, MUGSY! AND HERE'S A *TRAP* FOR YOU TO *SHUT*!

SNAP!

BUTTERFINGERS!

D-UH, SORRY, BOSS!

SO, WHY ARE YOU BOYS SOILIN' UP *MY* NEIGHBORHOOD WIT' YOUR PRESENCE?

WE'RE *ON THE LAM* FROM THE COPPERS, MR. CHEESE!

YOU DON'T *LOOK* LIKE YOU'RE ON DA LAM!

IF *WE* SAY WE'RE ON THE LAM, *WE'RE ON THE LAM!*

MAYBE *DIS'LL* HELP!

BAAA?

NOW YOU'RE ON DA LAMB!

CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

WHAM!

OW.

OUCH, BOSS.

PING!

RIIIIPPP!!!

SAKES! NOW *HOW* COULD DAT *NAIL* HAVE COME *LOOSE?*

DON'T WORRY, FELLAS! IF ANYONE *CAN* CLEAN YA UP BEFORE YOU *CAN* SAY "*JIF-IFFY*", I *CAN!*

AFTER ALL, DIS IS A *CANNERY!*

HEY, *THIS* AIN'T WATER! IT'S *BROCCOLI!* I HATE BROCCOLI, BOSS!

CAN IT!

ANYT'ING YOU SAY, ROCKY!

WHOAAAAA!!

WHIRRRRRRRR!

OUTTA THE WAY, MUGSY!

OUTTA THE WAY, BROCCOLI!

OUCH! HALP! ORFF! UNGK!

ZOOP!

CLANK!

FOOSH!

JAM!

DEY MAY NOT BE BACK *IN DA PEN...*

...BUT AT LEAST DEY'RE SAFELY *IN DA CAN!*

CREAMED ROCKY

MASHED MUGSY

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

WB#1857

GOOD MORNING, TWEETY! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

TWEETY JUST LOVES HIS CANARY CRUNCHIES, YES HE DOES!

BREAKFAST TIME!

TWEETY? WHAT'S THE MATTER --?!

CLUNK

ROLL ROLL ROLL

SPRONG

WATCH THE BIRDIE

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WHERE'S MY TWEETY BIRD?!?

THWACK

ZZZ

GRAB

SPIT HIM OUT, YOU NASTY, NASTY PUSSYCAT, BEFORE GRANNY GOES *MEDIEVAL ON YOUR TAIL!*

GURK!

HONESTLY, SYLVESTER, I DO WISH YOU'D TRY SOMETHING *DIFFERENT* FOR A CHANGE! FIND ANOTHER *HOBBY!* WRITE SOME *NEW MATERIAL!*

URGLE! GACK! OOG!

NO ... NO ... GRACIOUS! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT BROOCH! NO ... NO ...

TOSS

HURL

0345

SWISH

SHLOONK

HEAVENS! STILL NO TWEETY!

MEE --

-- YOW?

0345

RING RING

HELLO? WHAT'S THAT? YOUR AQUARIUM? A HELICOPTER? A SACK OF FLOUR? OH, MY! IT SOUNDS MESSY!

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, DEARIE!

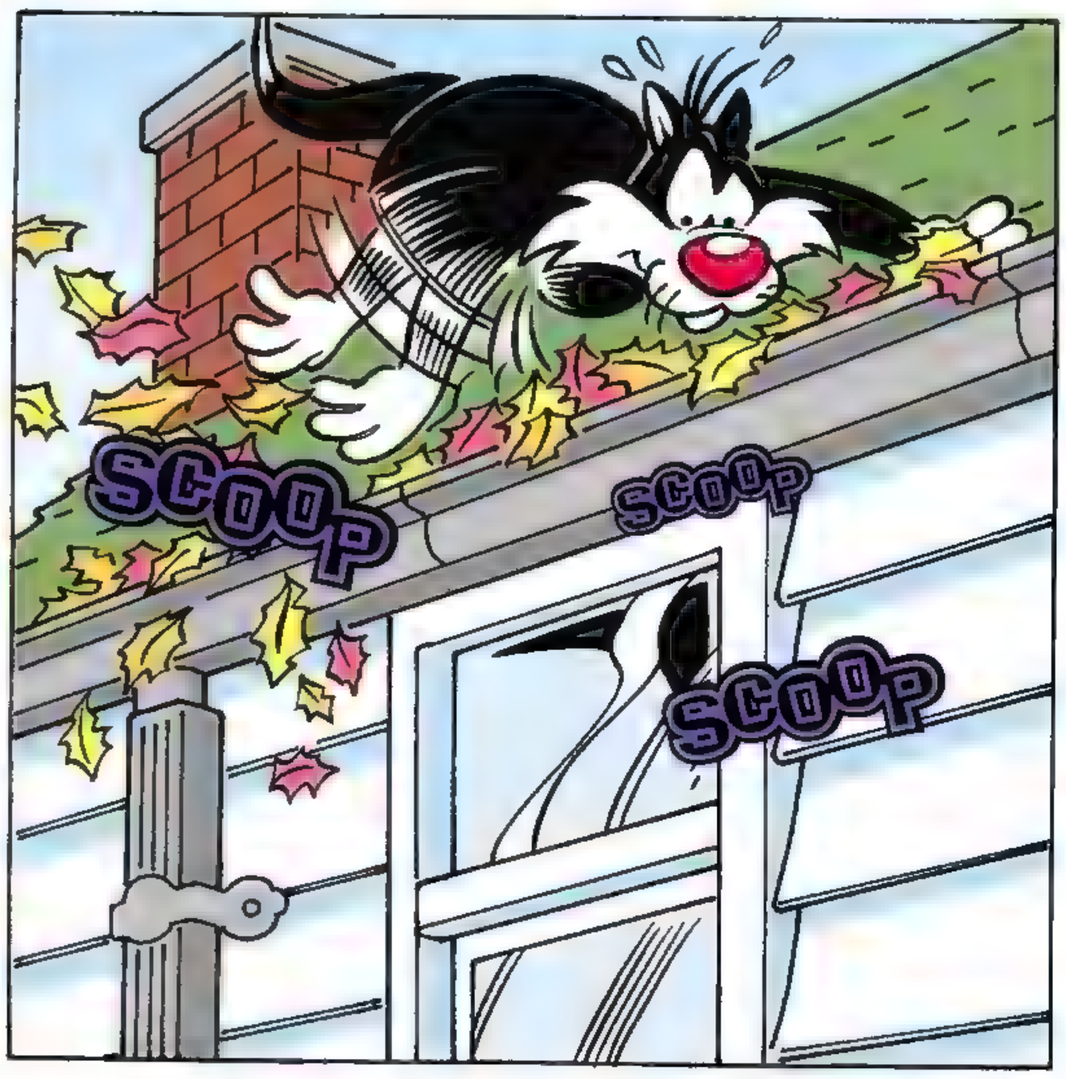
I'M GOING NEXT DOOR. IF TWEETY ISN'T SAFELY IN HIS CAGE BY THE TIME I GET BACK, I'M PACKING YOU OFF TO THE *POUND*!

TWEETY BIRD!
POUND!
BY THE TIME I GET BACK!
CLUNK
BUBBLES
OFF
CLICK
ON
BUBBLES
ON
SLOSH
GOOSH
CHURN
HIC
GASP

CRASH
TINKLE
BASH

CLATTER
CLUB
BLUB

EE-YOWTCH!
SNAP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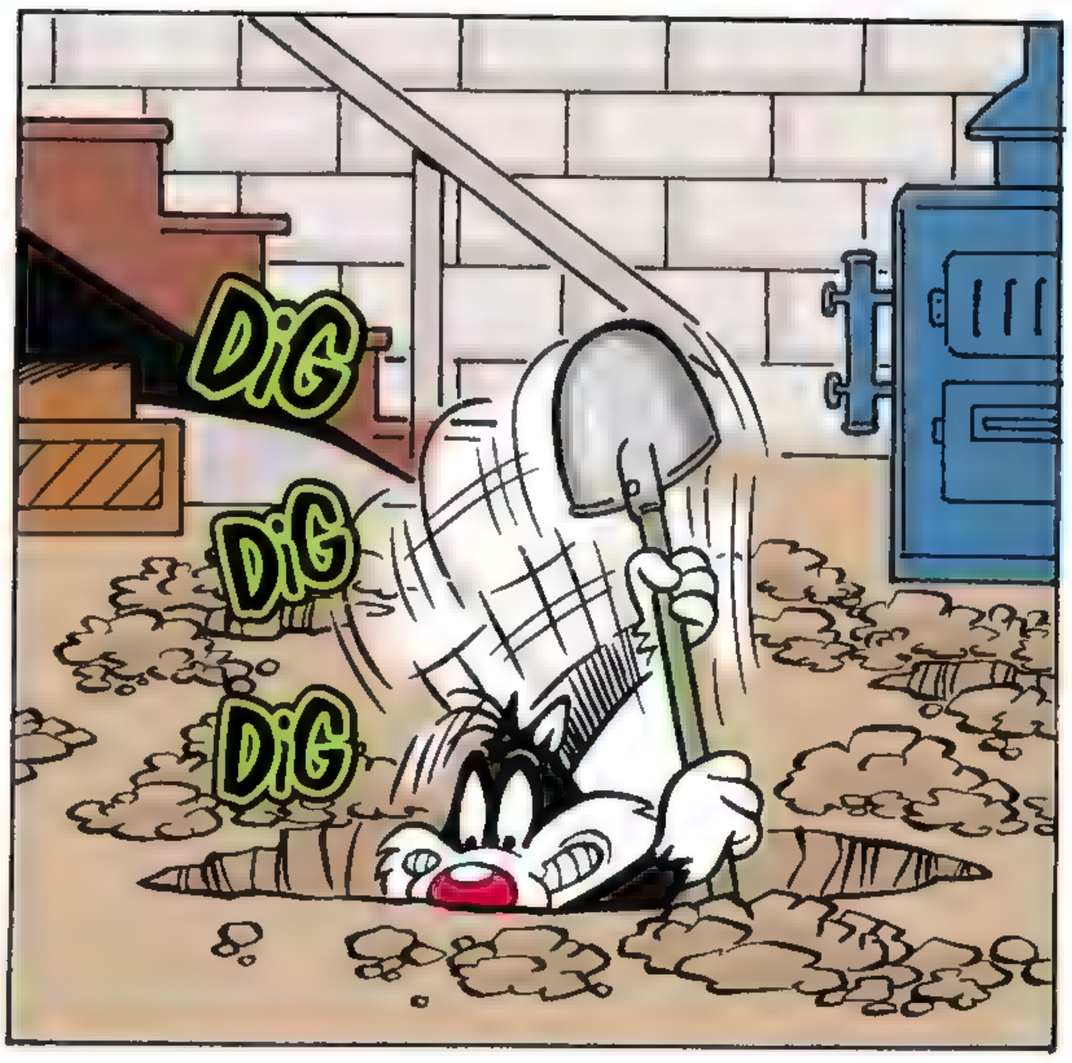
DIG
DIG
DIG

PANT
PANT
PANT

TIME'S UP!

I HOPE YOU MADE GOOD USE OF YOUR TIME WHILE I WAS GONE ...

AND I SEE YOU *DID!* *WELCOME BACK,* TWEETY!

WHIMPER

RIP

LAST WILL and TESTAMENT
Sylvester

MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE NABBING A *POOR LITTLE INNOCENT BIRD!*

NOW GET BUSY AND *CLEAN UP* THIS *MESS!*

THAT WAS *FUN!*

I CAN'T WAIT TO DO IT AGAIN *TOMOWWOW!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS

ENJOY A SPECIAL SNEAK PEEK AT

DC LEAGUE OF SUPER-PETS: THE GREAT MXY-UP

BY HEATH CORSON AND BOBBY TIMONY!

Welcome back to the Hall of Justice, Super-Pets.

WHOOSH

How was your patrol?

Because mine was great. ***My best friend and I*** rescued an airplane.

It's not a contest, Superdog. But...

...yeah, I caught the Scarecrow.

So, I'd win. Easily.

Princess Diana—you guys know her as Wonder Woman—we foiled a bank robbery!

I rescued a boat.

I narrowly avoided hitting a hydrant at Mach 4.

Er...no. Guess I didn't.

I jump-started the International Space Station.

Suuure you did, pal.

What? I did. I really did.

I mean, if it *were* a contest...

...you'd probably judge it based on *lives saved* rather than villains caught.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Give me a break.

But everything we did—big or small—makes a difference!

Plus, we did it with our best friends in the world.

And that's...

CONFERENCE ROOM

WHOOSH

...the important thing.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Um...

Don't worry, they'll let us in.

They have to. That's the room where the work gets done!

And they have those comfy chairs.

And the machines that light up.

Hear anything, Mert?

I wasn't asleep. Who said I was asleep?

I got this.

AROOOOO!

I could have done that.

CONFERENCE ROOM

WHOOSH

See? I knew it would work!

Hey, buddy...

I know you guys want to come in, but Cyborg says the pet dander has been murder on the equipment.

BARK. BARK BARK?

Sure it has.

GRRRR

Hey! If Superman says it's true, then it's true.

But we're not just pets, we're *heroes!*

OINK!

Yeah. We can help.

CHITT.

We should be in the meeting.

SQUEAK.

Listen, Supes, they're right. Let's bring our teams together!

BARK BARK BARK!

Who's my good boy? This is my good boy.

Wait till you see what I've got for you.

CONFERENCE ROOM

WHOOSH

KLANG!

Uh...

THUNK

Awkward.

Oh, please.

Is this for everyone to share—?

I'm sorry, gang. I let you down.

I thought that if anyone understood me...

...it would be Superman.

Enough!

Whoa. How did you—?

Never mind that. Here's the truth...

We all love our super-friends...

...but we don't speak the same language.

RUUUUUUUUUUUMBLE

CONFERENCE ROOM

Did you hear that?

I heard it.

I'm pretty sure I heard it, too.

Heard what?

Alert! Trouble alert!

That I heard!

What?!

I said, "*That* I heard!"

I can't hear you over the—

Alert! Trouble alert!

HISSSSSSSSSSS

CONFERENCE ROOM

Super-Pets, activate!

Wh-what—

The heck—?!

Is that?

What?

Who turned out the lights? I can't see a thing.

FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IN THE

DC LEAGUE OF SUPER-PETS: THE GREAT MXY-UP

ORIGINAL GRAPHIC NOVEL

ON SALE NOW!

AN ALL-NEW STORY THAT PICKS UP WHERE THE MOVIE LEAVES OFF!

DC LEAGUE OF SUPER-PETS

THE GREAT MXY-UP

WRITTEN BY
HEATH CORSON

ART BY
BOBBY TIMONY

A GRAPHIC NOVEL FOR KIDS

ON SALE NOW

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"